The Sketch

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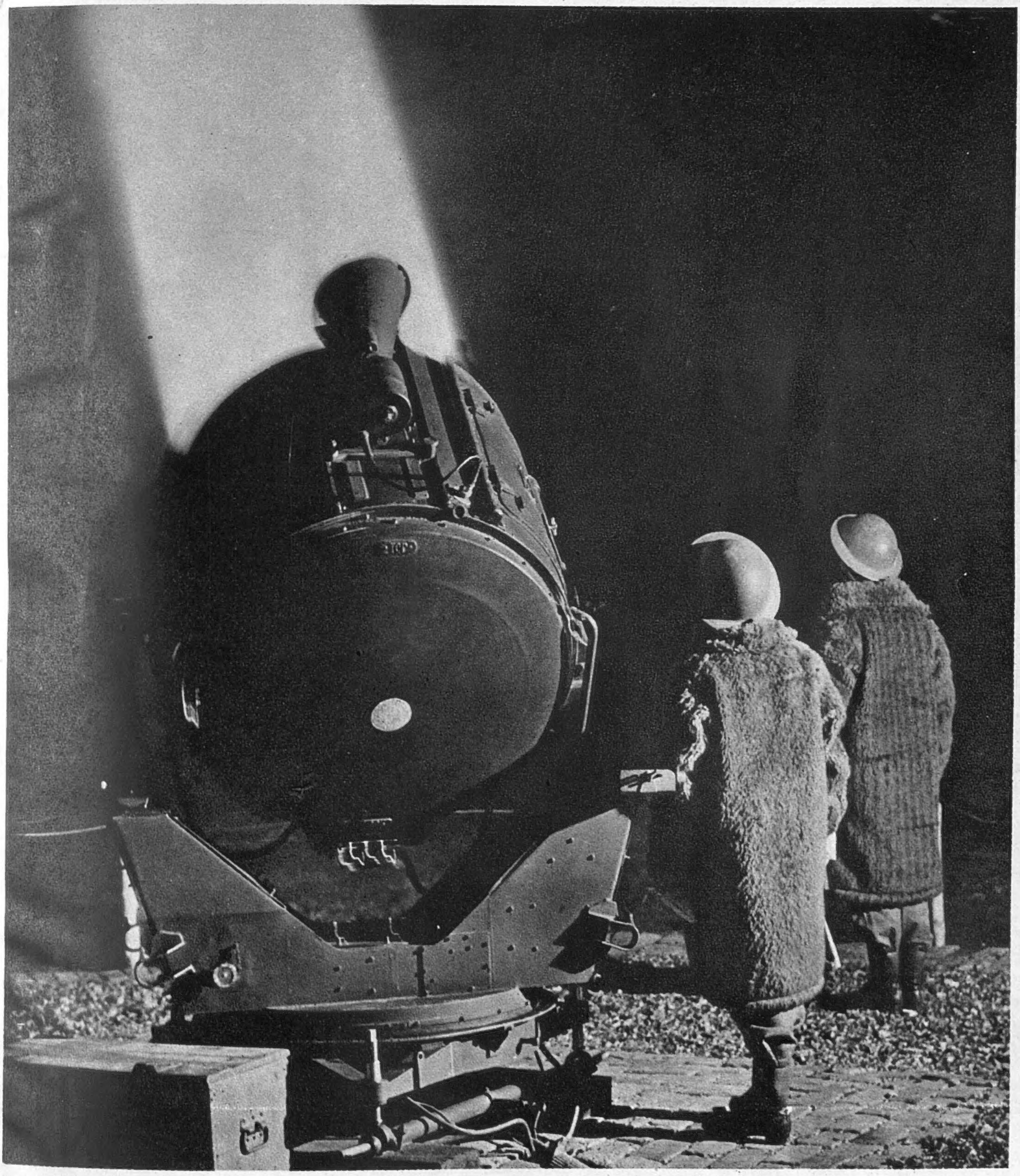


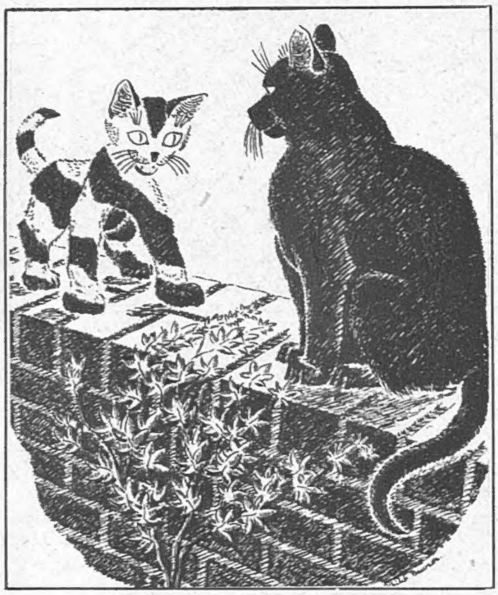
SEARCHLIGHT GIRLS.

Warmly wrapped up in their new woollen smocks, A.T.S. GIRLS *search the night skies of England for enemy raiders. Lengthy experimental trials have proved that in this, one of their latest duties, the girls are thoroughly capable of taking over from the men whom they replace. More pictures appear further on in this issue.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Going Places. Our statesmen do go places, don't they? Here to-day and there to-morrow—you never know where they will bob up. It cannot be just fun for them. Mr. Churchill has never been exactly immobile, but long journeys by sea, land and air cannot be anything but a formidable prospect when a thousand other things accumulate both on his desk and on his mind for attention. As for Mr. Roosevelt, there are peculiar difficulties, which it is no disrespect to mention, about unaccustomed modes of locomotion for him. Neither man admits any impediment to a sound principle—"Where I am wanted, there you will find me." This Magic Carpet affair disposes of the popular superstition that the Constitution forbids the President to leave the United States. The Constitution says nothing about it; I know, because I won a bet on it. No necessity, therefore, for ingenious theories, which I have heard, about an American flying-boat being "a piece of American territory," like a man-o'-war. An even brighter suggestion, which I heard the other day, was that Casablanca means White House, so that the President had not really left his official residence!

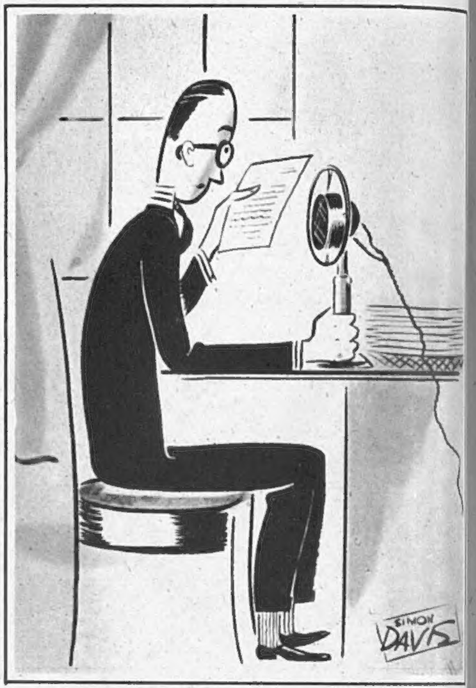


"We've all been born camouflaged since Mother went through the blitz!"

DRAWN BY PHILIP DAWSON.

Plain English.

While these high councils were being held, the Union Jack flew over Tripoli—a thing which, twelve months ago, would have seemed like the most romantic of dreams. Only eleven days before this happened, the Eighth Army was still 200 miles distant from its goal. General Montgomery issued a Personal Message to all ranks. It was not very lengthy, and I am going to quote most of it as a good example of soldierly style. "1. The leading units of the Eighth Army are now only about 200 miles from TRIPOLI. The enemy is between us and that port, hoping to hold us off. 2. THE EIGHTH ARMY IS GOING TO TRIPOLI. 3. Tripoli is the only town in the Italian Empire overseas still remaining in their possession. Therefore we will take it from them; they will then have no overseas Empire. . . . Nothing has stopped us since the battle of Egypt began on 23rd October, 1942. Nothing will stop us now. Some must stay back to begin with, but we will all be in the hunt eventually. 4. ON TO TRIPOLI! Our families and friends in the home country will be thrilled when they hear we have captured that place." No heroics here—just plain language, and a pleasing blend of fact and prophecy, of command and syllogism. That, as they say, is the stuff to give the troops—the stuff, too, to give those "families and friends," who were thrilled "according to plan."



"... I will now read you a few letters from lonely husbands whose wives are serving in His Majesty's Forces!"

DRAWN BY SIMON DAVIS.

Sounding Brass.

This is the native dialect of the Englishman, with his notorious "habit of understatement." And yet I sympathise with an American journalist, who has recently been begging us to blow our trumpet a little louder. He quotes an Englishman long resident in U.S.A.: "I would say that the British diffidence in stating their own achievements is completely misunderstood." We just won't "sell ourselves," and until we do there will not be sufficient buyers in the American market. I have had the same complaint from a friend in Australia. After Singapore there was in that country, much criticism of Great Britain, and indeed no little bitterness. Relations had not been so strained since the body-line bowling controversy! My friend asks vehemently why we don't tell Australia and all the Dominions what we have done, and are doing, in this war, and not leave Goebbels to do all the telling. It is a reasonable question. This "diffidence" can be over-done. Some of it is not really modesty, but a kind of inverted conceit—"If my merits are not obvious to you, I can't be bothered pointing them out; take me or leave me!" We certainly

"Dear Freddy Grisewood . . ."

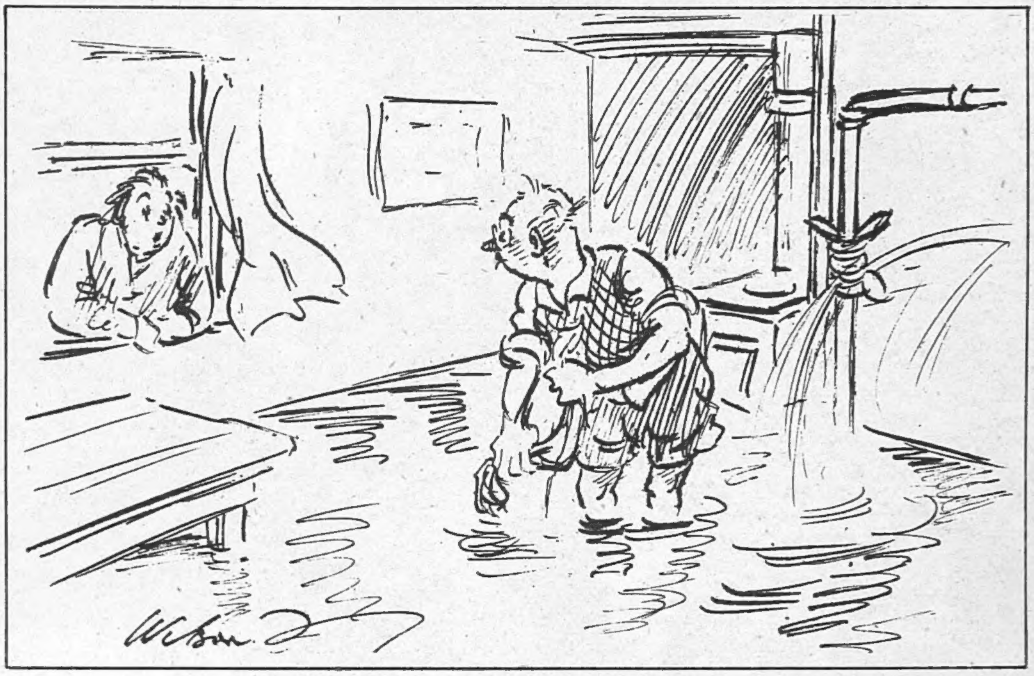
DRAWN BY PITTS.

SALVAGE FLASH——KEEP THE FACTORIES GOING WITH YOUR WASTE PAPER.

don't want any of those Berlin fanfares—they seem a little dangerous; we did not love even those B.B.C. stop-gap trumpets; but you cannot have good orchestration without a due proportion of the tinkling cymbal and the sounding brass.

Victory Pie. One form of self-advertisement we never found necessary. Far from needing to dwell on our war hardships, we all found it difficult, at one time, to persuade our generous American friends that we were not half-starved and enduring desperate privations with almost superhuman stoicism. The more we assured them that we really weren't doing at all badly, the more heroic we were! Things are now in better perspective, but I hope they have not gone to the other extreme, because I want to assure all friends and readers in America that there still *are* hardships, and that I, for one, bear them with a patience which excites my utmost admiration. For instance: in the weekly picture-gallery of that snapper-up of unconsidered marvels, Ripley, my eye was caught by a picture of a pie (only one!) being drawn on a dray by two muscular horses. This is the Denby Dale (Yorks.) Pie, baked "for important occasions" since 1788. The subject of the illustration (Mr. Ripley says so, and who am I to doubt him?) weighed 5 tons, and consisted of 672 lb. of flour, 1344 lb. of potatoes, two sheep, two calves and a heifer. Now, I want the world to know that, with the exception of the 1344 lb. of potatoes, it is impossible to obtain a pie of this kind in war-stricken England. But do you hear anybody complain? Is there a single yip from Yorkshire? But I hope that the armistice will be regarded as an "important occasion," and that I may be invited to the pie-feast. I'll take the heifer.

Repercussions. The latest cruel blow is hair-oil. "Stern and irrevocable is the doom"—hair-creams, brilliantine, anti-scurf preparations and setting lotions must cease from out the land. There is no petroleum for them. I am not one of the mourners at this funeral, having managed to retain a certain thatch by waging a lifelong battle against "Anything on, Sir?" Others, less resolute, will grieve as for a lost halo; but at least the extreme disaster is averted for those who are committed to eternal youth, for shampoos and "hair dyes" (they put it in that crude way) are reprieved. Here's another hard knock: 450 years ago, Columbus discovered the Havana cigar. He did not know where he had landed, and he got his geography all wrong, but he did recognise a good cigar when he saw one. So do I, but where can I get one amid this terrible war? And to think that not long ago we imported about



"Oh, George, dear! that must be over five inches deep!"

DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.

half-a-million pounds of tobacco from Cuba! It is hard on me, but it is also hard on Cuba. These things have what leader-writers call "world-wide repercussions." Take bananas. You and I can exist without bananas, if we are put to it; but Panama, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Nicaragua and Honduras can't. They are very nearly bankrupt because we are not eating their bananas. It does show you how things repercuss, doesn't it? We clearly need a World Banana Planning Council.

"For the last time, lady, I'm tellin' ya, General Grant is a tank!"

DRAWN BY SIMON DAVIS.

The Lunatic at Large. And then there is this everlasting question of paper. I have commented before, and I scruple not to do so again, on the absurd disparities in the distribution and use of this commodity. This very day I have received what I consider the prize packet, *hors de concours*, of paper wastage—and I speak from a considerable experience. This egregious bundle consists of no fewer than ten printed pamphlets, four long mimeographed effusions and one card. Every word of these many thousands is plumb crazy—not just wild or eccentric, but Bedlamite—and it is obvious that the writer is deranged. Well, that might happen to any of us, I suppose; but if we did have that misfortune, ought we to be allowed to consume reams of paper—it is not bad paper, either—with our ravings? I am told that it is all a matter of distribution; if a printer has his allocation of paper, he can use it for anything he likes. But in order to get his allocation, he must, I presume, state his legitimate needs. Is printing the outpourings of a disordered mind a legitimate need? In these days, when one has to get "priority" for almost everything else, and when we are told that every scrap of paper is a munition of war, it seems strange that there is no check on this reckless and pointless waste.

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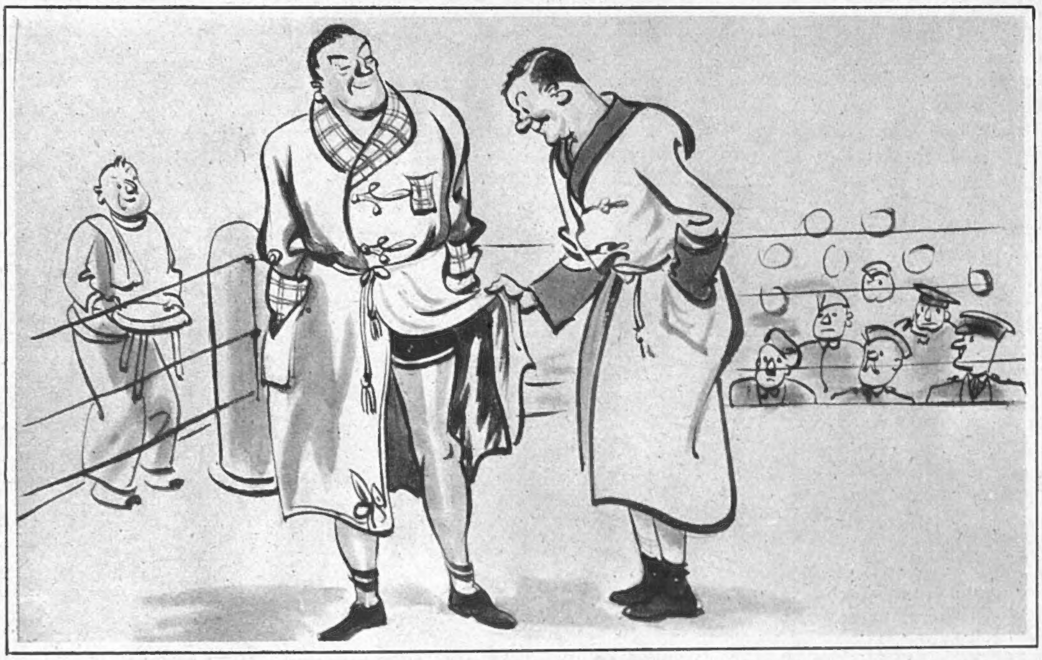
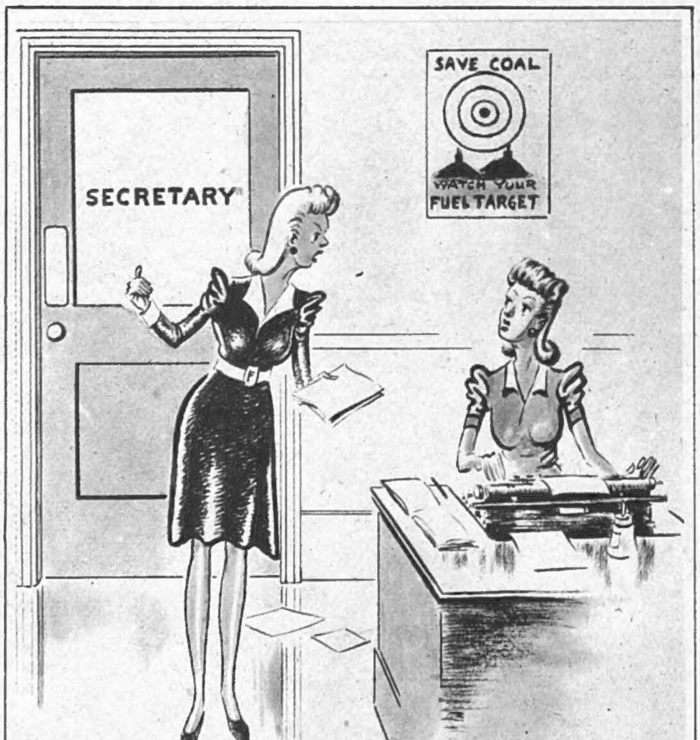
Pin-Pricking. How different is it with that other sinew of war, petrol! I suppose there is plenty of waste and evasion (though most people I know seem very careful to keep within the terms of their licences), and this is a law which must be enforced; but I do not think that much good is done by the kind of "enforcement" which came under my notice recently. A motorist, coming from his house to his business on the route authorised by his licence, stopped at a grocer's shop to pick up some household necessaries. He was actually prosecuted for misuse of motor fuel! I am glad to say that the magistrates stopped the case and dismissed the charge with ill-concealed contempt. It is difficult to imagine the state of mind of officials who institute such proceedings, and the police, who feel bound to conduct the prosecutions on departmental instructions, "feel their position keenly"—for they know full well that such farces bring the whole of "enforcement" into disrepute.



"Lovely bit of stuff—'ow many coupons?"
DRAWN BY GEORGE TERNENT.

Massacre of the Innocents. Less petrol and fewer cars—but just as many corpses. It is a really appalling thought that every day nearly a hundred children are being injured on our roads, and three or four killed. I do not remember how these figures compare with "enemy action," but I should be surprised to hear that some 35,000 children were injured by bombs last year, or some 1500 killed by the *Luftwaffe*. Strange that we accept the one form of slaughter with a shrug, and regard the other as a Massacre of the Innocents! One begins to wonder whether traffic is not some protection against itself. At least it compels slower motion; but with open roads and fewer competitors, furious drivers seem to drive more furiously. This speed craze! The other day there died a man of sixty-five who had the distinction of being the first defendant on a speeding charge. His offence was travelling at more than two miles an hour (he was going at *five*) and with not having a standard-bearer with a red flag walking in front of his fiery chariot. That was in 1896, when motor-cars were governed by the law appertaining to steamrollers. Have we progressed? It might be difficult to put the clock back to the steamroller age; but could we not with advantage reintroduce the red flag? At least it would be taken as a delicate compliment by our Gallant Allies—and there is much about the modern motor-car which suggests both the hammer and the sickle.



"He just said something to me that fair made my blood boil—one of his fuel-saving stunts, I suppose?" (DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.)

Doing Her Bit. A few children, fortunately, survive the holocaust. Twenty-five of them (including three clutches of twins and a pride of triplets) are the fortunate offspring of a respected resident of Brighton (I beg the Censor's pardon, I mean "a town on the South Coast"). This mother lost five children in the last war; twelve sons and six daughters survive, and every one of them is engaged in some form of war work. When, therefore, this true matriarch, now aged sixty-three, received her "call-up" from the Ministry of Labour—well, she did exactly what you would expect her to do. In her own words, she "had a good laugh." I think she was entitled to it. She is going to attend for her interview at the Labour Office, and I think she will have a good laugh there, too, and I hope the officials have retained enough sense of humour to be able to join in the laugh. This is not the only recent and striking example of devoted maternity. A cat (it is reported) was accidentally crated with a Diesel engine in Detroit, and arrived in the Middle East after 41 days' solitary confinement. No, not solitary—for when the crate was opened, Mamma walked out with four healthy kittens, not previously on the passenger-list. She had supported self and family by licking cosmogene off the engine. I don't know what cosmogene is—it sounds like a beauty preparation—but it seems to have high nutritive value, and Lord Woolton might give it some attention.

Getting Things Straight. The ways of testators are peculiar. For more than two centuries they *would* go on talking about "money" as if it meant investments and securities, and not merely coin of the realm, in spite of the fact that the Court of Chancery kept on saying to them "That's where you're wrong, see?" Now the House of Lords has come to the rescue of these eccentric and obstinate persons and has given to the term "money" much the same meaning as simple souls like you and me would give it. But testators continue to be kittle cattle, and one of them the other day, a medical man, left a hundred pounds to a friend on condition that he had his nose straightened. Had he been worried all his life by his friend's asymmetrical nose and felt a delicacy in mentioning it? Or had he, as a doctor, failed to convince an obdurate patient that a surgical operation would be to his advantage? And then, despairing of all other arguments, offered £100 to prove how pleasant and beneficial the experience was? If so, I suggest that this is an excellent precedent for all consultants. It would be so much nicer for everybody if the physician, when advising an operation, should at the same time tender the surgeon's fee.

The fifty-sixth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

ACTION STATIONS AT AN ALL-A.T.S. SEARCHLIGHT BATTERY.

A MEMBER OF AN ALL-A.T.S. SEARCHLIGHT CREW *adjusts the carbon in the searchlight.*

THIS YOUNG OPERATOR *" drives " the beam to the required angle. By means of this gear she adjusts the searchlight according to instructions from Control.*

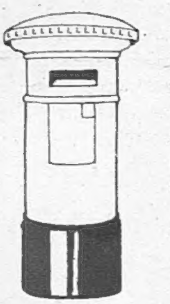
In the beam of the searchlight, THIS MEMBER OF THE A.T.S. *is seen beside the apparatus on the look-out for enemy raiders.*

THE news that ALL-A.T.S. SEARCHLIGHT BATTERIES are operating against enemy raiders was kept secret till experts pronounced the experiment a success. Volunteers are chosen for physical hardiness, high standard of intelligence, ability to absorb technical knowledge, and precision in operating delicate instruments. Those first chosen were given three weeks' P.T., drill, route marching. Taken out at night in closed lorries, given a map, they had to make their way seven miles back to camp on foot. Then came the technical training. The girls have won high praise from Army authorities.

PRIVATE TAMEA MULLA *(formerly a mother's help) is a spotter of enemy aircraft with a searchlight battery. The girls love this work because of its outdoor nature, and as far as possible they are able to choose their own companions.*

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—A Queen of the W.V.S. came down to talk to us one day last week. I met Lady B. hurrying down the Street that morning, so as to get her shopping done early before the meeting, and we walked along together. It was an unpleasant, cold, wet day, and everybody we met looked worried and hurried.

"The Shopping Face seems to have got worse lately," said Lady B., after Mrs. Savernack had passed us, muttering, with a sort of gardening-basket-wheelbarrow pushed before her.

I glanced in the large mirror which our Grocer so kindly keeps in his window for the use of lady customers, and shuddered.

"I don't mind waiting my turn," said Mrs. Admiral, white with rage, coming out of the Grocer's at that moment, "but one day when some woman pushes her way forward, I shall Strike Her!"

"But you *promised* me liver," wailed little Mrs. Simpkins in the Butcher's.

"No liver to-day, Madam," said Mr. Bones, that patient man.

"Kidneys?"

"I 'm sorry, Madam."

"What do you *do* with your kidneys, Mr. Bones?" said little Mrs. Simpkins. "Haven't you a heart?"

"No heart," said Mr. Bones sadly.

"'But you promised me liver!'"

Out in the Street, a cold, driving rain was falling. Mrs. Whinebite poked her umbrella into my eye and said, "Do look where you are going, Henrietta."

"Dear me," said Lady B. "What 's the matter with everybody this morning?"

I looked at her. Her face under her W.V.S. hat was calm and untroubled. "Darling Lady B.!" I cried. "You are the only person in the Street to-day who looks happy!" and I threw my arms round her neck and kissed her.

Mrs. Savernack, bowling down the Street at a breakneck speed, caught us behind the knees with her gardening-basket-wheelbarrow, and we both fell to the ground.

The pavement was wet and muddy. I have never seen Lady B. so cross. "Is it really necessary to wheel that thing about in the Street?" she said, wiping mud off her skirt with her handkerchief.

"Is it necessary to embrace in the middle of the pavement?" said Mrs. Savernack. "It 's time Henrietta learnt to control herself."

"And don't keep nagging at Henrietta," said Lady B., putting her hat straight, or, rather, at the right angle of crookedness. "A nice sight I shall look at the Inspection."

"W.V.S. . . . Bah!" said Mrs. Savernack, who is not a member, and trundled away.

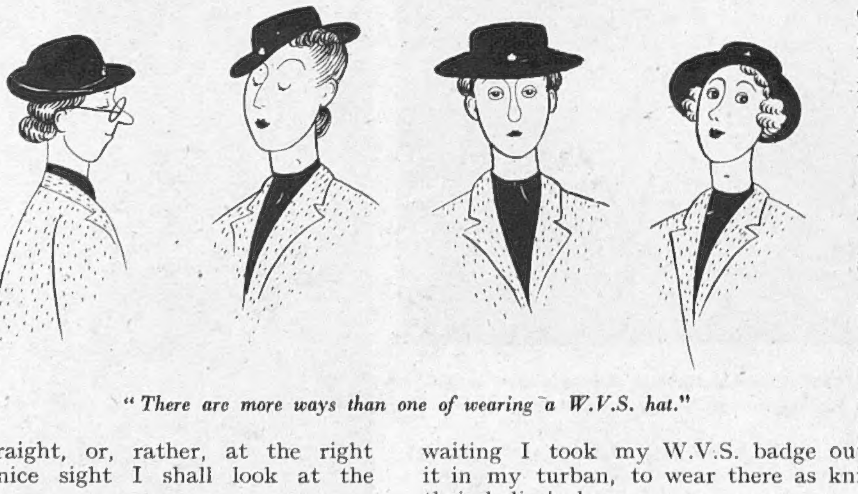
"There are more ways than one of wearing a W.V.S. hat."

When Lady B. and I arrived, the Hall was nearly full. I, who am what Charles calls the W.V.S. Dog's Body, took a lowly seat at the back, and Lady B., who ought to have sat among the High-Ups, came with me. The Hall smelt of wet mackintoshes, and I reflected, not for the first time, that there are more ways than one of wearing a W.V.S. hat.

"I 'm not sure I shall stay," whispered my neighbour on the other side. "My feet are wet, and I hate to see women throwing their weight about."

Then there was a stir at the door, and Authority arrived, with Satellites. Authority looked absolutely stunning. I was so overcome that I instinctively rose to my feet, as we used to do at school when the Headmistress came in to prayers. Lady B. tugged me gently into my seat again.

Authority, who somehow gave the impression that she was enjoying the whole thing, talked for twenty minutes with one eye on the clock. And, as she talked, a strange thing happened. We, the Ordinary Housewives, sat up and began to feel proud. This hasn't happened much during the war. The Ordinary Housewife has gone her dazed way, being told to eat more of This and less of That, and then, almost directly afterwards, less of This and more of That; her proposed Journey, generally the result of a craving to get away from home, has been proved Unnecessary, and abandoned; she has salvaged, patched, bought half-crown Savings Stamps on Monday mornings, and given breakfast-in-bed to her more glamorous sisters home on leave from the Forces. And all the time with the nagging thought at the back of her mind that she was Not Doing Enough. But here was somebody telling her that she was doing quite a lot.



"'Is it really necessary to wheel that thing about in the Street?'"

Balm in Gilead! We sat, with our baskets on our laps and our mouths slightly open, and drank it in. "You women," said Authority, "are the Army that Hitler Forgot."

I gulped. "Don't cry, you fool," whispered Lady B., but her own eyes were full of tears.

"Keep it up," said Authority. "Go on being steadfast, and patient, and cheerful as you always have been." There was some uncomfortable shuffling at this, and I felt my own ears go red.

. . . .

Then out swept Authority and her Satellites, to rush away to the next village with her message of cheer.

"I felt as though I 'd been Saved," said Lady B. "Any minute I thought I should get up and testify."

There was a good deal of delay at the door, because everybody waited politely for everybody else to go out first, but we got into the Street at last, and the first person we saw was Mrs. Savernack, still trundling.

"I 'm sorry I was so rude just now," said Lady B.

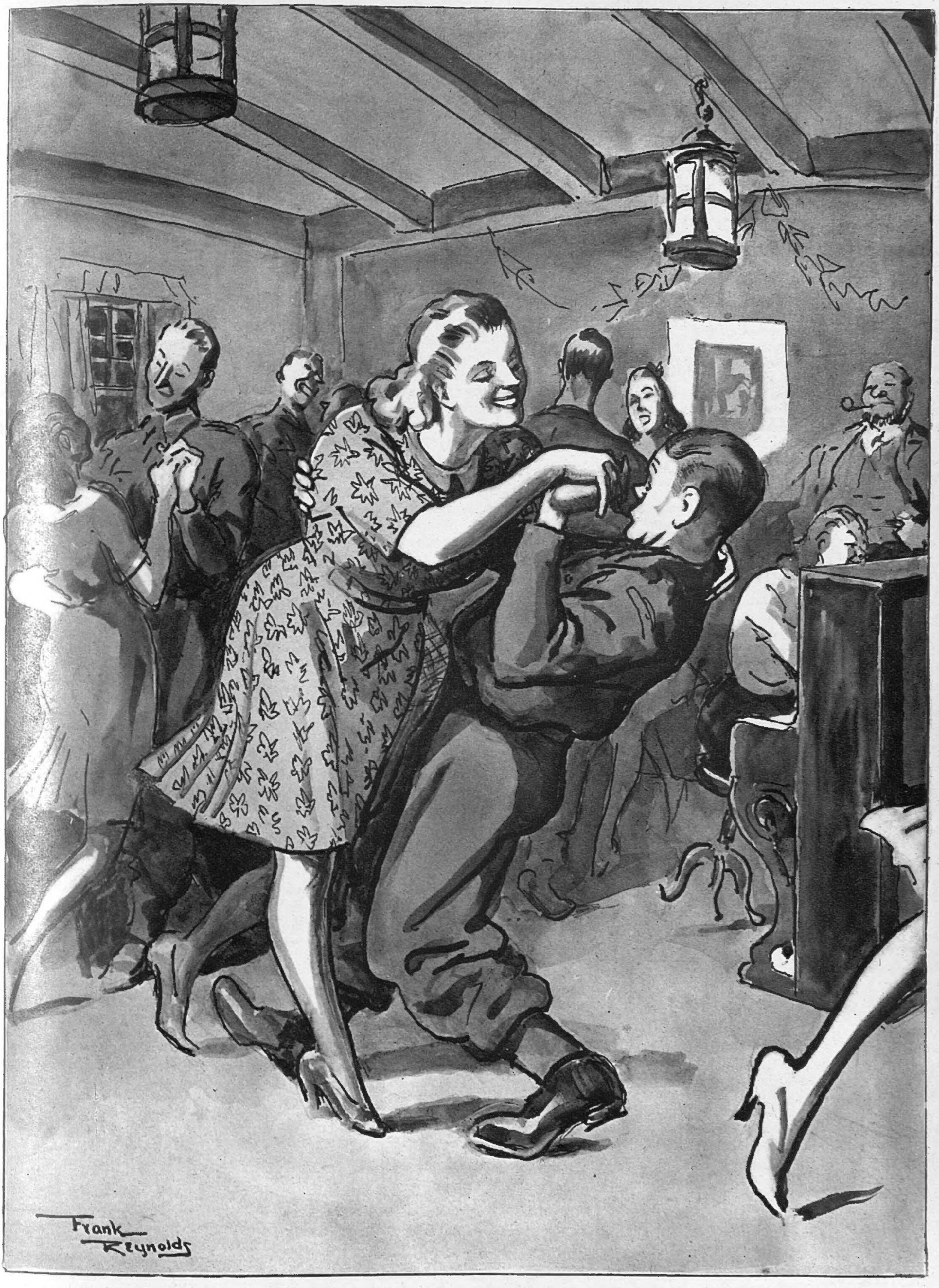
"It was my fault, really," I said.

Mrs. Savernack looked at us in astonishment. "What *is* the matter with you?" she said.

So we trundled her off with us to have some coffee. While we were waiting I took my W.V.S. badge out of my coat and pinned it in my turban, to wear there as knights of old used to wear their ladies' gloves.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.



"YES, I DRIVE A STEAM-ROLLER IN THE DAYTIME"
"YOU'RE TELLIN' ME, MISS!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

THE most impressive films I have seen in the past fortnight are both about war in the desert. One is British, the other Russian. Both, oddly enough, have numerical titles. The British film is " NINE MEN " (New Gallery). The Russian film is " THE THIRTEEN " (Tatler). " Nine Men " is directed by Harry Watt, the man who made " Target for To-night " and " London Can Take It." Watt is one of our very best documentary men, but this is his first attempt at a " commercial " picture. If it is not a wholly successful attempt, it is at least an important and an interesting one. The documentary style which he has brought to its telling is at once its strength and its weakness. The picture doesn't shock or gush. It indulges in no tricks of showmanship. It is a plain tale set out with an extraordinary integrity. But you may feel that as an entertainment film it still has a good deal to learn.

There are no women in " Nine Men," no romance and no very strong dramatic theme. It is a story within a story, and is designed, I should say, rather for morale-building than for relaxation and refreshment. A company of Army recruits, " browned off " after a day's hard field-training, are given a pep talk by their Sergeant. What they want, he says, and what they are going to get, is "Umpity-Poo"—"*un petit peu*" —that little extra it takes to make a good soldier. The occasion is obviously one for a flash-back and an exemplary story. " I remember," begins the Sergeant, " when we were out in the Middle East on one of those desert shows——" The recruits settle down to an hour of listening. The film fades back.

The Sergeant, an officer and seven men are sand-logged in the desert with their lorry. Attacked at low level by an enemy bomber, the lorry is blown up, and the officer and one man wounded. The Sergeant has the job of leading the party on foot across enemy territory to rejoin their battalion. Nine men—two dying —you have every opportunity of counting them as they footslog for miles through trackless sand. They find a ruined tomb, and hold it for a couple of days against all that the Italians can hurl against them. The ammunition runs out. The water runs out. There are further casualties before the British tanks roll up to relieve them. But they have fought a good delaying action, and by using their heads, keeping their eyes open and making every shot count, they have added something to their equipment as soldiers, besides giving a striking demonstration of Umpity-Poo.

The desert story is told in a dry, unemotional way, without any attempt to make an heroic saga of it. Details of ammunition, supplies, mess-tins, rifles, are methodically noted. Firing is recorded shot by shot. The conversation is of the sort you might expect from ordinary, not highly literate men in a case like this—laconic in action, incoherent and rather trivial as a relief from tension. The camera-work is brilliant, with some amazingly effective shots of tracer against a night sky. The acting is just as it should be—simple and strong. Harry Watt has chosen his nine men from amongst little-known professional actors, soldiers and amateurs. One of the nine is a clerk in the Ministry of Aircraft Production. Another is a village postmaster. A third won the Military Medal at Boulogne. Major Jack Lambert, loaned by the Royal Scots Fusiliers, plays the Sergeant himself, and plays him most impressively.

" Nine Men " is a brave film, with high qualities. Where it fails a little, I think, is in story construction. Even a documentary is none the worse for following some rule of cause and effect, and too often in " Nine Men " the effects are disproportionate to the causes. I don't suggest that the desert patrol should have got through the enemy lines and blown up Rommel's headquarters, but some measurable achievement, I feel, some concrete result of their grit and endurance, might conceivably have helped the picture. What really happens after all this display of Umpity-Poo? Seven men escape with their lives. Half-a-dozen recruits in training feel more kindly towards their battle exercises. It is a military desideratum, no doubt, but as a filmgoer in search of entertainment, I rather feel I am entitled to something extra. In fact, I have paid my shilling and I expect my Umpity-Poo.

" THE THIRTEEN " is a better-made film, although less immediate in its topic. It has nothing to do with the present war. A foreword to the film tells us that " It happened ten years ago." The desert here is the great arid waste of the Kara-Kum, in Turkmenia, north of Iran and east of the Caspian Sea. The theme is Water. Ten demobilised Red Army men, their commander, his wife and an old geologist, are crossing the desert in a caravan. Driven out of their course in a sand-storm, they discover a stone hut and a water-hole, with just a trickle of water. Two machine-guns are hidden there, and the place is a hide-out of a horde of bandits, whom the Red Army have been trying to round up.

The commander knows that the bandits will come back to their hide-out, not realising that the water-supply has run dry. His plan is to hold them there, at the point of the machine-gun, until one of his men can get a message to the Red Army, five hours' ride away. The bandits attack, two hundred strong. The messenger never arrives. When at last the Red Army come on his dead horse, his empty water-bottle and his stumbling footprints in the sand, and arrive at the water-hole, only one man of the thirteen is alive to be rescued.

It is a grim, compelling piece, superbly pictorial in its treatment; never losing the main theme in the incident, never forgetting that it is not a play, nor a story, but a *film*.

The other new films are American, and have about as much message among them as would go into a greetings telegram. The best is " YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER," the Astaire-Hayworth musical at the Gaumont. Personally, I consider the title a downright, thumping lie, if it applies, as internal evidence seems to suggest, to Rita Hayworth. Miss Hayworth seemed to me infinitely lovelier in the Technicolor " My Gal Sal," and even in " Blood and Sand," than she does in this black-and-white piece. Or perhaps I was just discouraged by some of her costumes, particularly the model with the hat like an inverted cake-basket.

Superlatively lovely or not, Miss Hayworth can dance. Mr. Astaire, who seems to grow nimbler and crisper as the years go by, sets his partner here a tricky task. So far as I could see, Miss Hayworth—Carmen

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by " The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler, Valerie Taylor. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.

***Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.

**Comedy: "MURDER WITHOUT CRIME." With an excellent cast.

***Duchess: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward's play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker, Margaret Rutherford.

*Garrick: "AREN'T MEN BEASTS." Robertson Hare; Alfred Drayton in revival.

**Globe: "THE PETRIFIED FOREST." Owen Nares, Constance Cummings, Hartley Power in Robert Sherwood's entertaining play.

**Haymarket: "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.

**Hippodrome: "LET'S FACE IT." Bobby Howes, Pat Kirkwood, Joyce Barbour. Cole Porter music.

**Lyric: "WALTZ WITHOUT END." Unexpected version of Chopin's life and music.

**Palace: "FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.

**Palladium: "BEST BIB AND TUCKER." Tommy Trinder and Co. again.

***Phœnix: "DU BARRY WAS A LADY." Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe star in mad musical comedy with Cole Porter music.

*Piccadilly: "SLEEPING OUT." Farce. Gene Gerrard, Ellen Pollock, Gus McNaughton.

*Playhouse: "THE HOUSE OF JEFFREYS." Russell Thorndike's thriller. Sybil Thorndike, Robert Adams, Gwendolyn Gray.

*Prince of Wales: "THE DESERT SONG." Revival with Harry Welchman, Eleanor Fayre, Helen Barnes, Arthur Wontner.

**St. Martin's: "CLAUDIA." Pamela Brown and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

**Saville: "FINE AND DANDY." Good show, with Leslie Henson, Stan Holloway, Dorothy Dickson, Douglas Byng.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

**Strand: "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE." Witty murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

*Vaudeville: "MEN IN SHADOW." Sabotage in France. John Mills.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

PANTOMIMES.

Coliseum: "MOTHER GOOSE." Patricia Burke; George Gee; Norman Evans. *His Majesty's:* "JACK AND JILL." Arthur Askey; Florence Desmond; Eddie Gray. *Stoll:* "CINDERELLA." Nervo and Knox; Fay Compton; Naughton and Gold; Ted Ray. *Victoria Palace:* "BABES IN THE WOOD." Lupino Lane; Adele Dixon; Polly Ward.

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

Margarita Cansitas by birth, child of two generations of Spanish dancers—doesn't muff a single step. Stepping to Jerome Kern tunes, both together and alone, the pair give us as pretty an exhibition as we have seen for a long time in musical pictures.

The trouble about "You Were Never Lovelier" is that the principals can't be on their toes all the time. *Something* has to happen between dances, and *something* is just about what the script-writers have turned up. I can't recall the ins and outs of the film, which I saw more than twenty-four hours ago, but the main thing, I recollect, is a family plot by which the hero is called in to do something about the heroine's love-life.

Maria (Rita Hayworth) is the second daughter of rich hotel-owner Eduardo Acuna (Adolphe Menjou), in one of those places with *patios* and scented nights—Buenos Aires or environs. It is the quaint custom in the Acuna family for the daughters to marry in order of seniority. Daughter No. 1 is satisfactorily off. Daughters 3 and 4 have their husbands all picked out, but wedding-bells are delayed on account of the frigid obstinacy of Maria, Daughter No. 2, who fell in love with Young Lochinvar at the age of sixteen, and has since refused to look at any other man.

"Random Harvest" (Empire) gives SUSAN PETERS *the opportunity for an excellent bit of acting as Kitty, young niece by marriage and fiancée of Charles Rainier, the man who lost his memory. Finding that he does not really love her, Kitty gives Charles up.*

Acuna himself, with what may seem to you singular irresponsibility on the part of a father, tries to hot-up Maria by sending her orchids and anonymous fan-mail. By one of those mental processes only possible in heroines of musical romances, Maria imagines that Robert Davis (Fred Astaire) is the unknown lover. Robert, having lost his last cent on the races, is anxious to "put his feet to work" for a while in the Acuna Hotel Sky Room. Actually, he is a celebrated New York dancer, with his picture in all the glossy monthlies. He might almost be Fred Astaire.

The nuances of the plot, as I told you, evade me, but mutual love springs up, and for some reason has to be dissembled. He thinks that she thinks that he doesn't mean. . . . Or take it another way, she feels that he feels that she really feels. . . . You get the idea, no doubt. It 's all very complex and really rather silly, but there 's always the dancing, and, of course, the certainty that in the end all four Misses Acuna will become happy Mesdames.

If you 're looking for a Flying Carpet in "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS" (Leicester Square), or a Djinn, or a Giant Roc, I'm afraid you 're going to be disappointed. There isn't a spot of magic in the picture, apart from a little elementary conjuring done by Sabu with a coloured handkerchief. "The Arabian Nights" is simply a Technicolor eastern, with all the cowboys in Hollywood got up in turbans, waving their scimitars, and riding hell-for-leather to save the Caliph of Bagdad from the torture-chamber.

Jon Hall, who spells his name so quaintly without an "h," but otherwise seems quite a predictable young man, plays the Caliph, the great Haroun Al Raschid, in person. Haroun loves the dancer Sherazade (Maria Montez). So does his wicked brother Kamar (Leif Erikson). Sherazade for a time seems impartial, quite willing to take either brother, so long as he 'll make an honest queen of her. But Haroun has the instincts of a monogamist, whereas Kamar keeps a harem. Kamar wears a beard, while Haroun takes the precaution of getting a clean shave early in the picture. Even the kids in the front row know enough to put their Saturday pennies on Haroun's chances.

The Technicolor experts have given their all to "The Arabian Nights." The picture comes in pink, beige, rose-ash, aquamarine, sunset, and other art shades. Particularly tasty are the desert scenes, in a warm shade of what used to be called, I fancy, tango. The story and screen-play are by our old friend Michael Hogan, and one True Boardman provided "additional dialogue." Was it True or Michael, I wonder, who created the inspired line: "This isn't getting us any place"?

Perhaps I 'm just envious, but I never have liked film-plots about nice girls who aim to marry men for their money. The fact that Mary Martin decides not to take the millionaire she lands in "HAPPY-GO-LUCKY" (Plaza), scarcely makes the theme more lovable.

Miss Martin plays Marjory, a cigarette-girl with a simple idea. She will go for a week to one of those Technicolor beach resorts, she will find a very rich man and she will marry him. At the Royal Palm, somewhere in the tropics where the carriage-trade ends and the voodoo begins to begin, she meets the ideal sucker—prim, pince-nezed Alfred Monroe (Rudy Vallee), who counts his millions in tens.

The main part of the film is taken up with Marjory's efforts to get the millionaire to propose—efforts which involve a good deal of rather bumpy fun with caterpillars, cooking-stoves, and even a native love-potion. It all seems rather a waste of time, really, Marjory's and ours, since in the end she finds she doesn't want to be Mrs. Alfred Monroe, but just to marry a well-dressed beachcomber (Dick Powell).

"Happy-Go-Lucky" is filmed, we are told, "on sets more elaborate and extravagant than filmgoers are likely to see again for the duration." It is "designed to banish dull care." It has a carnival and a fashion-show, featuring cotton in all its triumphs from bathing-suit to evening-gown. It has a blonde called Betty Hutton, who can do the darndest things with her face when she 's singing, and plenty of musical numbers, some hot, and others not so very.

"The Thirteen" (Tatler) is dedicated to the Red Army, trained to fight on every sort of terrain from Arctic wastes to the hot deserts of Turkmenia, where the film is placed. It is not a war picture, but shows the high sense of duty to country which is making these men an invincible force in the war. Here THE THIRTEEN, *twelve men and one woman, have arrived at a well, and find that it contains arms hidden there by bandits.*

Owing to an error, the caption to the film-picture "Nine Men," in our issue of January 27, page 37, referred to "the South-West Borderers." We meant that famous regiment, the South Wales Borderers.

ROMANCE, ACHIEVEMENT AN

This desert patissier produces admirable cakes for the men of an Australian squadron in Tripolitania. His goods are baked in an under-sand oven, ingeniously constructed of petrol cans and fitted with a petrol-can chimney and cowl.

LIEUT. ELWOOD COOKE, U.S.N., was formerly America's No. 2 lawn-te amateur and MRS. COOKE was Sarah Palfrey Fabyan, the famous Centre C star and U.S.A. No. 1 lawn-tennis girl, 1941. Little MISS COOKE sh grow up a champion.

Right: During the visit which she paid to Ceylon with General Sir Archibald Wavell, LADY WAVELL visited numerous military hospitals and welfare organisations. She is here greeting some blonde and brunette nurses.

During his historic visit to North Africa for the Casablanca conferences, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT toured U.S. units and sat down with officers to a meal at an Army camp. The menu consisted of the ordinary rations.

PETTY OFFICER ALBERT PENNY, escaped from an Italian prison and sanctuary in the Vatican. He is now home and is displaying to WREN PENNY and the children the rosary and photograph given him by the P

DVENTURE: ALL TOPICAL PICTURES.

DEPUTATION OF 100 CHORUS GIRLS, *having passed a resolution opposing the commercial* unday *opening of theatres, attended the House of Commons and were received by Com-*ander *Locker-Lampson, M.P., and Mr. Thomas Magnay, M.P. They are posed with* MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN, *who is also an opponent of Sunday theatre-opening.*

FLYING OFFICER REX HARRISON, *stage and screen star, married* MISS LILLI PALMER, *the Viennese actress, at Caxton Hall Registry Office last week. Mr. Harrison was starring in "No Time for Comedy" before he joined the R.A.F.*

Left: Members of the Women's Royal Naval Service can now qualify as "WREN TORPEDOMEN" *after passing out from the School of Instruction. Successful students receive a Category Badge of a torpedo over a star with W.R.N.S. (T.).*

Right: MISS YVONNE STUART JOHNSON, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Stuart Johnson, Henshall Hall, Congleton, is engaged to the Hon. Roger Lloyd Mostyn, eldest son of Lord and Lady Mostyn.*

arriage of MISS JEAN NICOLL, *the lawn-tennis* o SUB-LIEUT. BOSTOCK, *of the Light Coastal* , *took place at St. George's, Hanover Square.*

The marriage of CAPTAIN ALAN MASON, R.A., *to* MISS EILEEN TWOGOOD, *took place at St. James's Church, Hampton Hill.*

MAJOR ROBERT LODER-SYMONDS *received the D.S.O. and Bar and the M.C. at a recent Investiture, all three decorations being won in the Tobruk area.* MRS. LODER-SYMONDS *is with him.*

HIS EXCELLENCY ISMET INÖNÜ, *President of the Turkish Republic, who conferred with Mr. Churchill at Adana; posed with his favourite daughter,* OZDEN.

THE TURKISH PRESIDENT, MADAME INÖNÜ AND OZDEN.

MR. CHURCHILL'S "surprise" visit to Turkey after the Casablanca meeting, to hold talks with the President and Premier, as well as Chiefs of Staff on both sides, is "big news." As the Premier told correspondents in Cairo at a Press conference, "the ancient friendship between Turkey and Britain, which was tragically broken in the last war, is now fully restored to vitality." He added: "The talks which have taken place related to the general world position. We have had an important and agreeable discussion." President Inönü, who was born in 1880, assumed office in 1938. Our photograph of His Excellency and his little girl, Ozden, was taken about three years ago.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. BOSSHARD.

The inauguration of a "knitting week" for Turkish ladies: MME. INÖNÜ *(centre) presides at a meeting of workers.*

OUR FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

"MISS SKETCH" is fifty years of age—and not the least anxious to conceal the fact! She made her first appearance on Wednesday, February 1, 1893, and though as the result of wartime paper rationing she has temporarily become a fortnightly, instead of a weekly, paper,

A "majestic damsel" was designed by Linley Sambourne for the cover of the first number of "The Sketch," and was reproduced in the full-page advertisement of the new illustrated paper which appeared in "The Illustrated London News" of January 28, 1893, and is reproduced herewith.

she shows no signs of age, and is, indeed, proud to have topped the half-century. We reproduce on this page "Miss Sketch's" first words, and readers of to-day will agree that she has kept the promise made to her original supporters, "to hunt and illustrate that sudden and slippery worm, the popular whim, in all its haunts," with notable success. We confidently forecast that she will continue the good work with equal charm, gaiety and vigour for the next fifty years at least!

Just one note of feminine weakness creeps into the story. That venerable and magnificent centenarian, "The Illustrated London News," which scored her hundred not-out last year, started off as being the mother of "Miss Sketch"—and is now her sister, but we forgive this piece of camouflage, and bear no ill-will to the old lady!

"OUR FIRST WORD."

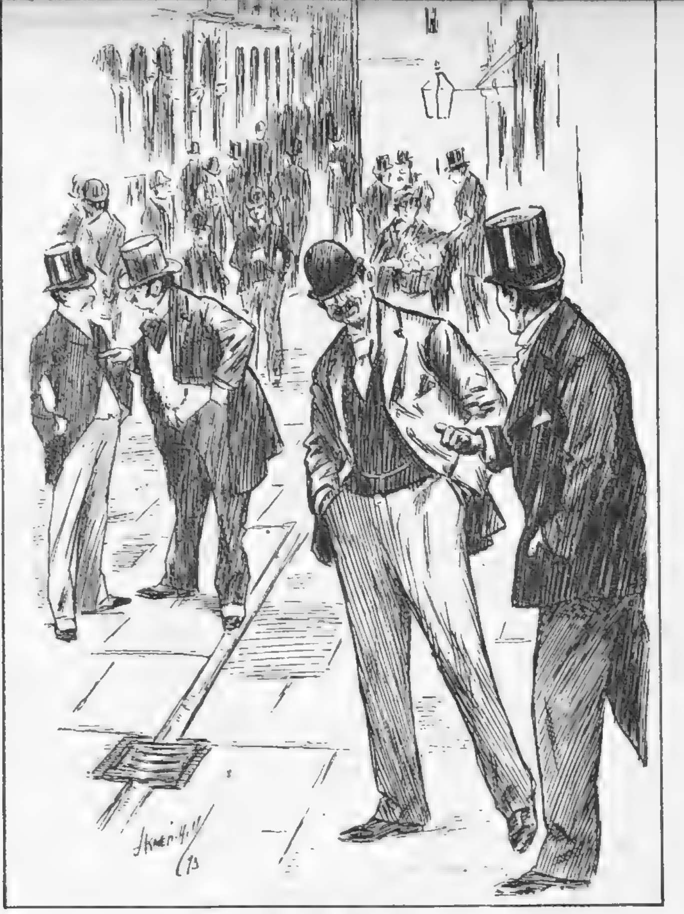
[Excerpts from the introductory article on the first page of the first issue of "The Sketch," February 1, 1893.]

"'If it be true that good wine needs no bush, then 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue,' as Rosalind remarks, with charming inconsequence, when she proceeds to secure the suffrages of her audience by an adroit compliment to the women and a proposal to kiss the men. We have always regarded that mode of doing business with considerable envy. There is no more reason for this address to our readers than for Rosalind's saucy appeal; but as we are debarred from kissing a selected body of feminine subscribers by the conventional etiquette of this island, we can only lay siege to them by strictly impersonal persuasion.

"A good paper needs no introduction, but we are prompted to disregard that obvious truth by a charitable desire to reassure some of our contemporaries. There is an illusory idea abroad that we are engaged in competition with this or that familiar and highly respectable print. Until the blessed day arrives when journalism shall be taken in hand by a committee of public beauty, and conducted for the delight and edification of all, and the aggrandisement of none, it will continue necessary for primitive man to carry out his own ideas without any exaggerated deference to his neighbours. But apart from that essential condition of industrial enterprise, we are not competing with anybody; we are simply joining a luminous procession. Some humorist has suggested that *The Sketch* is a deep-laid plot against the peace and complacency of *The Illustrated London News.* There is matricide in the bare idea; but the *News* is much too old a bird to launch upon the world a fledgling with a thankless bill to turn and rend the nest which gave it birth.

"We hope to conduct this journal, indeed, on original but not unfilial lines. While our venerable parent pursues her stately flight down the broad avenues of public life, we shall hunt and illustrate that sudden and slippery worm, the popular whim, in all its haunts. Mr. Linley Sambourne has designed for the cover of this number one of those majestic damsels fashioned by his pencil, as easily and gracefully as Eve from the rib of Adam. But Mr. Sambourne is not content with one image of beauty for the whole lifetime of this journal. His fancy is devising a succession of gracious shapes, so that the man who buys *The Sketch* every week may form a perfect seraglio of sirens without moulting a feather of his propriety. Of pictures we propose to offer a perfectly bewildering host: pictures in colours; pictures which remind the pensive connoisseur of his favourite art treasures; pictures which illuminate a story, our own or another's; the rapid sketches of Asmodeus in black and white; the observation and the fantasy of Mr. Phil May, Mr. Dudley Hardy, and other pencils of renown. Actuality must be the distinctive aim of such a journal as this, and actuality, moreover, with a very wide field. The opinions of distinguished persons will be painlessly extracted by the expert interviewer, but the range of his opinions will embrace the whole democracy. . . . There is no false modesty about this recital—indeed, an agreeable frankness will always be the very life-blood of *The Sketch*. . . ."

An early aviation picture from our first issue: LE GENERAL MEUSNIER NAVIGABLE BALLOON. *"The French have always taken great interest in aerial navigation, and it may be remembered that about 1884 Commander Renard had great hopes of a navigable balloon, called "La France," but which, when duly tried, was found to do only sixteen English miles an hour with favourable winds, which was insufficient for practical purposes, of course. However, since then, the same celebrated aeronaut has had every assistance from the Minister of War to aid and forward him in his inventions and the result of the last eight years' hard work is to be seen at the military aeronaut station at Chalais-Meudon, where he is showing a navigable balloon called 'Le General Meusnier' which he has every reason to believe will move at the rate of at least forty miles an hour. It is cigar-shaped, and measures 70 metres from point to point, and has a capacity of 3200 cubic metres; its lifting force is estimated at 3600 kilos. Great interest is being evinced in it by all the scientific men of Paris . . ."*



OUR NEW NOTABLE.
First Clerk: "*Who did you say that queer-looking gent was?*"
Second Clerk: "*Mr. Lamb Shearer, the writer of 'The Sketch' City article.*"
DRAWN BY J. RAVEN HILL.

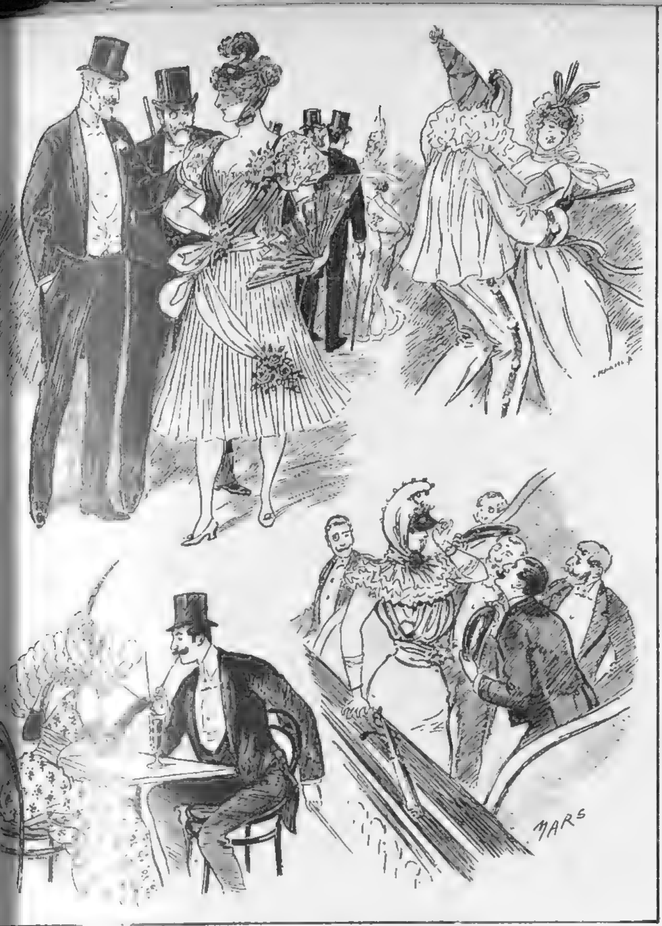
"AN ICE CARNIVAL IN PARIS."
DRAWN BY MARS.

"BETWEEN TWO THORNS."
DRAWN BY CROW.

UNWILLING MODEL: A CASE FOR THE CHILDREN'S PROTECTION SOC
"An 'Illustrated London News' artist at the Children's Fancy Ball at the Mansion House was asked to include this would-be of the Punch and Judy Show in his illustration." (DRAWN BY PHIL

"THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE" AS "THE SKETCH" SAW IT IN 1893.

N.B. A Coloure

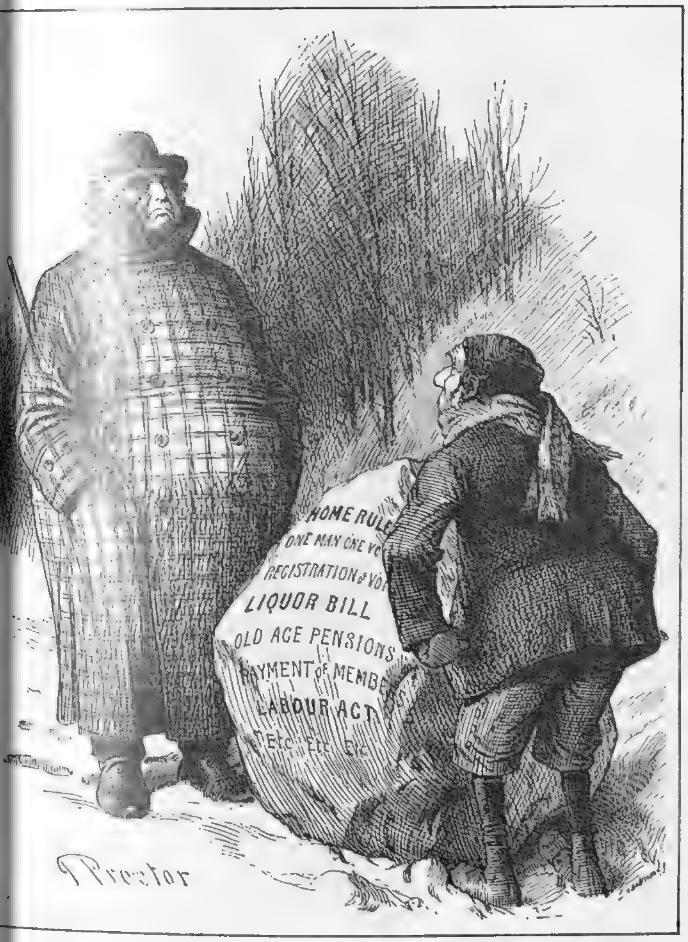


"AT THE OPERA BALL IN PARIS."

DRAWN BY MARS.

A page of drawings illustrating the "scare" that a return of the crinoline was imminent, published without any title.

DRAWN BY J. RAVEN HILL.



hn Bull to Master Gladstone: "*Well, my boy, you've got a good big ball this time, but it's sure to melt down before summer time.*"

DRAWN BY PROCTOR.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

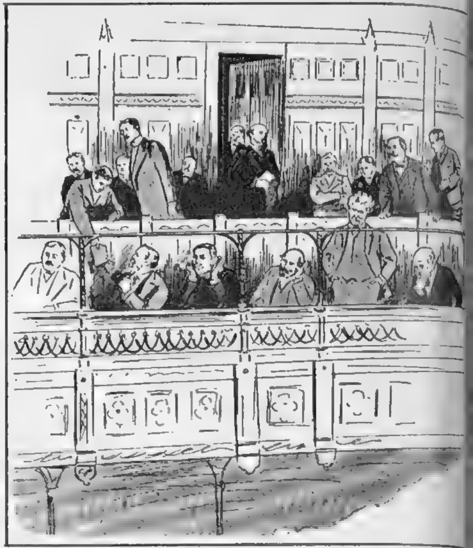
DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.

"THE SKETCH" dealt with the lighter side of life fifty years ago—just as it does to-day. The wit, satire and merriment of 1893 may have an old-world flavour, but the brilliant draughtsmanship of such comic artists as Phil May has seldom been surpassed.

erted in this issue.

SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND FASHIONABLE PICTURES OF 1893.

Victorian statesmen, top-hatted and hirsute: "THE TEA-ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."



Newspaper men of 1893 listening to speeches in Parliame[nt]: "THE PRESS GALLERY OF [THE] HOUSE OF COMMONS."

A "becoming and dainty bonnet for a young matron": an amusing fashion from our first number.

New hat for the spring, "with a bunch of violets resting coquettishly on the hair."

Worn by the late Ellis Jeffreys in H. A. Jones's "The Bauble Shop."

A "magnificent costume worn by Miss Louisa Moodie" in "The Bauble Shop."

The HON. MARGARET BRIDGEMAN *(now Margaret, Duchess of Buccleuch) at the time of her marriage to the late Duke, then Earl of Dalkeith.*

The EARL OF DALKEITH *(later seventh Duke of Buccleuch), father of the Duchess of Gloucester and of the present Duke, at the time of his wedding.*

"THE CRISIS IN MOROCCO"*—sketches by C. Villedebois, illustrating an 1893 topic—an interesting "link-up" with the Casablanca group on another page.*

"THE SKETCH" slogans of "art and actuality" and "lighter and brighter" guided our choice of subjects for our first number, dated February 1, 1893, and though some of these pictures from our initial issue may not look so very lively to the 1943 eye, they were the goods fifty years ago! The political sketches illustrated our "twin" articles, "[The] Coming Session," by "A Rash Radical" and "A Cautious Conservati[ve]" respectively, for we have always been impartial politically. The fash[ions] represented the last word in *chic*, and topical subjects were dealt with.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE TRANSFORMED INTO A RED CROSS OFFICE.

Ambassadors' Court, St. James's Palace, is now the ENQUIRY BUREAU, PRISONERS OF WAR DEPARTMENT *of the British Red Cross.*

CLERKING IN THE THRONE ROOM: *Red Cross workers at deal tables under the famous Lawrence portrait of George IV.*

A general view of the Throne Room: filing clerks at work with the SHROUDED GOLD CANOPY *in the background.*

Henry VIII.'s portrait gazes down on a girl clerk ADDRESSING PARCELS FOR DESPATCH TO PRISONERS OF WAR.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE, historic residence of Kings and Princes, has now been transformed into a Red Cross office, for it is the headquarters of the Prisoners of War Department of the British Red Cross Society. Thousands of parcels are handled weekly by the large staff, which consists for the most part of voluntary workers, and records of the names of wounded and missing men are kept and filed. The magnificent decorations of the Palace and the series of fine royal portraits which adorn its walls make an unusual setting for the clerical work which is carried on in the spacious salons by workers seated on office chairs at plain deal tables.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THE CREWS OF MALTA'S HIGH-SPEED LAUNCHES—*for having rescued from the sea hundreds of airmen shot down during the "blitz."*

A.C.W. CLARE, W.A.A.F.—*for being the pilots' ideal "Hullo Girl."*

LUCILLE MANNERS, ALICE MARBLE *and* HELE[N] JEPSON *(l. to r.)—for suspending New Yor[k] Stock Exchange dealings with a song.*

MR. DUDLEY FIELD MALONE, *U.S. attorney—for being so facially well able to play Winston Churchill in the film version of "Mission to Moscow."*

SECOND OFFICER N. K. KELLARD, M.B.E., *and* SECOND OFFICER M. H. BROMILEY, *and three other Wrens—for being the first women to sail in a warship on duty.*

MISS DOROTHY WATKINS—*for having the fi[rst] British tank to enter Tripoli named after he[r].*

MISS DIANA WYNYARD—*for marrying the producer of the "Kipps" film in which she played*—MR. CAROL REED.

THE "blitz" over Malta, G.C., has been the occasion for countless acts of heroism, not least on the part of the CREWS OF THE HIGH-SPEED LAUNCHES stationed there, who have, sometimes through great storms, during the last year of air war over the island, rescued hundreds of airmen—Allied and enemy—shot down into the sea. Some pilots were rescued a few minutes after they had fallen; others were picked up 200 miles away from base.

A.C.W. CLARE, W.A.A.F., gives radio-telephone instructions to R.A.F. pilots engaged on air sweeps. She came from New Zealand to study at the London College of Music, hoped to become a broadcast singer, but her ideas have been diverted to this new channel, and "as clear as Clare" is the pilots' slogan.

LUCILLE MANNERS, ALICE MARBLE, the lawn-tennis champion, and HELEN JEPSON, all singers of note, recently presented an all-woman war show, "Women Can Take It," in New York. Just to give the Stock Exchange boys a little change, they gave an informal preview on the floor of the House, and sang one item, "Down By the Old Mill Stream."

MR. DUDLEY FIELD MALONE, a we[ll-]known American attorney, is to play t[he] rôle of Winston Churchill in the film version [of] "Mission to Moscow," written by the form[er] U.S. Ambassador to Russia, Mr. J. E. Davi[es].

FIVE W.R.N.S. officers, including SECON[D] OFFICER KELLARD and SECON[D] OFFICER BROMILEY, had an exciting ex[perience] when they went with the Pri[me] Minister to Casablanca to do the secretari[al] work at the conference. They were the fi[rst] women to sail in a warship on duty, and th[ey] had the freedom of the ward-room.

THE first tank to enter Tripoli after the Brit[ish] occupation had the name "Doroth[y]" painted on it—a charming tribute to MI[SS] DOROTHY WATKINS from her fiancé.

MISS DIANA WYNYARD, who played [in] the film version of H. G. Wells's "Kipp[s]," married the producer, MR. CAROL REED, la[st] week at Caxton Hall.

H.M.S. "RENOWN" SEES STARS.

JEANNE DE CASALIS at the "mike," telling her amusing stories, to the delight of the crew of H.M.S. "RENOWN."

MICHAEL WILDING, ELISABETH WELCH, JEANNE DE CASALIS, PHYLLIS STANLEY, JOHN GIELGUD, EDITH EVANS, BEATRICE LILLIE, and CYRIL BAKER at the piano: on the stage set up on deck.

After the show, CAPTAIN C. S. DANIEL, C.B.E., D.S.O., R.N., thanked the artists for the first-rate show they had given on board the "Renown."

BEATRICE LILLIE (Lady Peel), one of the stars who gave the show on board the "Renown," is here posed on the deck with two members of the crew, BOY BISHOP and BUGLER DUNN.

JEANNE DE CASALIS gave her famous and popular "Mrs. Feather" act as one of the numbers in the all-star show on board H.M.S. "Renown," and had a great reception.

SOME of London's best known and most popular stars recently flew to Gibraltar in order to entertain the men stationed on "The Rock," and played in "Christmas Party" at the Theatre Royal, Gibraltar. During their stay at "Gib.", they paid a visit to H.M.S. "Renown" and staged a first-rate impromptu deck show. Our snapshots were taken during and after the performance, which, roused great enthusiasm.

And here BEATRICE LILLIE (Lady Peel) is giving her song, "Wind Round My Heart," at the "mike" in the all-star concert held on the deck of the "Renown."

THE START. MAKING UP THE RIGHT EYE.

NOW THE LEFT

THE EYES HAVE IT.

MISS ILEANA SILVA AS SHE REALLY IS.

THE FACE MUST BE LINED.

BLACK-OUT FOR THE TEETH.

ON WITH THE NOSE,

THE CHIN,

AND LAST OF ALL—THE WIG.

THE MAKING OF A WITCH.

As the Witch of "Jack and Jill," at His Majesty's, ILEANA SILVA *gives a great back-stage performance in the art of transforming her charming face into a properly frightening witch visage. We give you eight stages in this miracle of maquillage, just to show what a little face treatment will do.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAEBE.

"TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY" AS A MARY MARTIN DANCE.

Star of the five-star "Happy Go Lucky" Technicolor musical at the Plaza, MARY MARTIN *as the New York cigarette girl who blues her all on a trousseau en route for a Caribbean island and a "poor rich fish," has thirteen changes of costume and no stockings. Mary was a dancer before ever she dreamed of singing as a profession; and in this film the ancient tune "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay," is revived in song-and-dance form, and this is Mary Martin dancing it. The film is reviewed in our "Cinema Cameos" article on page 65.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THE categories into which novelists can be divided are manifold, and if they are seldom very water-tight or precise, at any rate they clear the ground and make a basis for discussion. The oldest, the best-known and, on the whole, the most useful of these categories, the romantic and the realistic, for many years divided fiction into two camps. Romance and realism are qualities of an author's mind and imagination; they do not necessarily influence his style or his technique. To differentiate between those one might adopt other categories; say, the plain and the coloured. Realistic writing tends to be plain; romantic writing tends to be coloured—at least, this was certainly the case in England, in the nineteenth century. Novelists like Jane Austen and Trollope, who relied upon observation rather than imagination, had a quieter method of approach than Charlotte Brontë or George Meredith. If you are observing a bird, you make as little noise as you can; if you are trying to give the effect of a passionate love-scene, you may be excused for pulling out whatever stops are at your disposal. In the one case, you do not assert yourself, and in the other you do. In the main, English Victorian novelists, Dickens for example, were clamorous with self-assertion; their hand was on the reader's sleeve, they personally conducted him through their pages, often giving him warning and advice the while. They had no hesitation about interposing themselves and their ideas. All this lent colour and made for a comradely relationship between author and reader. But with the coming of Tolstoy and the other Russian novelists, especially Tchehov, this fraternisation was checked. It now became the fashion for the novelist to efface himself, and to remove from the surface of his work all those Gothic or rococo adornments with which he had formerly embellished it. The novel became ever plainer and more streamlined.

Colour, in the sense in which I was using the term, does not come entirely from an author's exploitation of his personality in his work, but predominantly it does. Whether fiction has gained or lost by its partial suppression would be hard to say. The novels of to-day have a maturer outlook than they had, but they are possibly more human, certainly less humane.

CASABLANCA CONFERENCE. *This photograph, taken during the course of one of the most momentous meetings of the war, shows, in front: his Shereefian Majesty Sidi Mohammed, Sultan of Morocco; President Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Mr. Winston Churchill, at the President's Anfa Villa. Standing (l. to r.) are: Major-General George Patton (U.S.A.); Mr. Robert Murphy; Mr. Harry Hopkins; the Sultan's heir, Prince Moulay-el-Hassan; General Noguès; two of the Sultan's Ministers; Colonel E. Roosevelt and Captain J. L. McCrea, Naval Aide to President Roosevelt.*

A Wicked Uncle.

The author of "If Winter Comes" belongs to the older school; and one's enjoyment of his latest book will depend to some extent on one's response to the personal element in it. Although "It Happened Like This" is a story in which the shadow of murder darkens the page no less than four times, it is written in a more light-hearted spirit than might be thought appropriate to such dire events. The young novelist who acts as narrator has three groups of friends, only loosely connected with each other; a painter and the girl with whom he is having a "pretence" love-affair, an ex-convict who is trying to make good after serving a sentence for blackmail; and a middle-aged man of genial and exuberant address who has had the good fortune to be appointed guardian of two brothers, orphan boys, both rich. The temptation to play the wicked uncle is too strong for Gale Swithin; and though we feel that after two unmistakable warnings the novelist was rather slow to realise in what danger the orphans stood, there were plenty of reasons why he should not have put a sinister construction on the episodes of the chimney and the lake. Mr. Hutchinson, or his deputy, does not neglect the psychological as distinct from the sentimental and melodramatic interest of the three narratives; the painter's love-affair is credible, as well as romantic; and the wicked uncle's state of mind is convincingly analysed. But in the end, it is the sheer excitement of the chase that gets into the writer's blood, and the question of whether the Chrysler will be able to get down to Cornwall in time. In calling this story "pleasantly exciting," the wrapper is not wide of the mark.

Evacuees in Gloucestershire.

"Ding Dong Dell" is a novel of the times, and for the times; it is a novel with a purpose: to show one effect of the war on a rural district in Gloucestershire. When I say that it is also about evacuees and their misdeeds, the reader may sigh, for he will probably have read many novels with this theme before. I can only add that "Ding Dong Dell" is one of the best of them, as well as one of the shortest and most compressed, and that it is unusually rich in spiritual implications.

Yet in spite of the austerity of its outlook, an austerity inseparable from the times, I should hesitate to call it "plain." There is not much opportunity for humour in a story the central feature of which is the demoralising effect of a girl of fifteen, London-bred, on a susceptible middle-aged farmer, with a wife and a grown-up son. But what opportunities Miss Joan Morgan has, she makes the most of; and Hubert Manville's conversations with Miss Southey, the psychiatrist in charge of the evacuees, are deliciously, if grimly, funny. Each of the newcomers was in his or her way a pathological case, and Miss Southey could not help feeling pleased when their behaviour illustrated her theories about them, even when the illustration was, considered apart from a scientific context, highly deplorable. "I refuse to recognise original sin," she said; and when Bert, the enemy of society, set fire to the house he was living in, she observed: "Wasn't it interesting? He feels himself a nobody. The desire to put himself on the map governs everything he does. He is dominated by an overwhelming desire to build up his ego."

The Clearing-up.

One of Miss Morgan's greatest assets is her fair-mindedness; she sees her characters through their eyes, as well as hers, and yet manages to maintain a standard of values. Some of her people are a little faint—Ellen, for instance, the downtrodden wife of the handsome farmer; but perhaps most victims are a little faint, except to themselves. I think it was a pity that she followed the fashion and introduced a murder, but it is possible that nothing less drastic would have served her purpose, which is, in part at any rate, to demonstrate the moral dislocation caused by war. Without being unduly hard on them, one may suppose that the evacuees symbolise the irruption of evil, or at any rate of chaos, into the moral sphere. That things can only get better by being very bad first is a rather doubtful doctrine, I think, but one that has always been accepted by writers of tragedy. "So foul a sky clears not without a storm."

Refugees from Paris.

"The Days Between" is another type of story that is becoming familiar—more so, perhaps, in the accounts of eye-witnesses than as a subject of fiction. Miss Elizabeth Foster's characters are a group of people escaping from Paris on the eve of the German occupation. There are a half-dozen of them, some English, some French, some both, and one American, the architect Alex: three men and three women. One couple are married, another bound together by ties of long standing; only Alex and Solange, a young professional heart-breaker, are unattached. All except Alex are liable to detention by the Germans; and as they are well-to-do and important in their respective spheres of life, they have no hope of being let off lightly. The car in which they made their escape is stolen, and they find a lodging in a derelict *château* away from the main roads crowded with refugees. Their hope of getting to Bordeaux seems slender.

The author's object was to show how this period of suspense affected their relationships, especially the relationship, an up-and-down one, between Solange and Alex, at whom she had set her cap. But Miss Foster becomes more interested in recording their hour-to-hour reactions to their predicament, their alternations of hope and fear, the practical problems of keeping themselves fed, and so on; and under this rather piecemeal treatment their personalities remain too inorganic and fragmentary for us to be sharply aware of the revolution taking place in them. The story does not fulfil its promise; it goes, in one sense of the term, to pieces. But the pieces are interesting in themselves.

The Fifth Column in America.

"Don't Try Anything Funny" is a tale of the activities of Nazi agents in America, told, apparently, by one of themselves. Even among gangsters, Johnny Beekman would stand out as exceptionally tough and hard-boiled; one wonders why he bothers to say: "I wasn't worried about breaking a few assorted laws, and I 've never been particularly bothered with a conscience or a set of moral scruples." This, as it turns out, is not quite true, but then, he was a misleading fellow. He performs prodigies of what might be called valour, both in love and in the execution of orders. The *dénouement,* in which he takes on a roomful of well-armed opponents single-handed, strains credulity, and the occasion when, with his hands manacled behind his back, he notices the time on his wrist-watch, defies it. Otherwise Mr. James Fox's story is as credible as most of its kind, and far better written.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

It Happened Like This. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. (*Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.*)
Ding Dong Dell. By Joan Morgan. (*Chapman and Hall; 8s. 6d.*)
The Days Between. By Elizabeth Foster. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)
Don't Try Anything Funny. By James M. Fox. (*Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.*)

"WHITE CARGO," WITH HEDY LAMARR.

"WHITE CARGO" (due at the Empire), Leon Gordon's tragedy of the tropics which has had several stage revivals, has been adapted by him for the screen. Walter Pidgeon is Lamarr's co-star; and there are important parts in this dramatic M.-G.-M. film for Frank Morgan, Henry O'Neill, Bramwell Fletcher and Reginald Owen, while it is directed by Richard Thorpe, with Victor Saville as producer.

Left: "I am Tondelayo!" HEDY LAMARR *as the sultry half-caste of the African rubber station, finds her way to the bungalow of* LANGFORD, *the new overseer, who has been warned against her.*

Tondelayo marries Langford; and later determines to get rid of him. The Doctor (FRANK MORGAN) *accuses her of poisoning her husband, but the girl flatly denies that the liquid she gives him is poison.*

Langford (RICHARD CARLSON), *whom Africa has thoroughly demoralised, finds that his wife, Tondelayo, is nothing more nor less than a beautiful savage.*

SEARCHLIGHT.*

By FRANK KING.

ROGER PORTER'S comfortably furnished lounge looked as though someone had deliberately wrecked it. Every drawer in the bureau was pulled out, contents scattered on the floor. The doors of the glass-fronted bookcase stood open, and books from the shelves had been tossed aside in confusion. Pictures on the walls hung askew, one of them revealing a small safe, from the lock of which a bunch of keys dangled. Settee and chairs had had their upholstery ripped and torn; every cushion was eviscerated. A tangled mess of kapok and horsehair littered the carpet. And on it, near the black-out curtains swaying in the breeze from the broken French window, sprawled Roger Porter's body. There were two bullet wounds in his grizzled head.

"He was shot from behind," announced Simon Talent. "The bullet entered just above the nape of the neck, ploughed through vital nerve centres, killing him instantly, and emerged at the left temple. A fairly heavy calibre, fired from only a few feet away. Might be a useful clue. Found it yet?"

Inspector Maxton shook his head. "The window was open. Judging by the position of the body, the bullet will be somewhere in the garden. Unless we're specially lucky, we shan't find it." He frowned. "I don't like this case, Mr. Talent."

"What's your particular objection to it, Max?"

"Can't see it properly, that's all. I'll tell you what we know." Maxton cleared his throat. "Porter was alone in the house last night. He keeps a manservant called Clintall, and a woman comes in each day to help with the work. She leaves at six. At seven Clintall went out for his usual evening off duty."

"Known to the murderer, eh?"

"Seems so. Quite a lot of people have visited here from time to time. Porter was a wealthy man, and he carried on a fairly extensive business as a moneylender. There's a pile of papers in that safe recording his transactions."

"And you think one of his victims came along and——"

"I'm telling what I *know*, Mr. Talent," interrupted Maxton severely. "Clintall spent the evening with some friends, returning home at eleven. He found things just as you see them now, except that the window was open, the room in darkness. He closed the window, pulled the black-out curtains across, and 'phoned for help. His statement has been checked. According to him, Porter had neither friends nor enemies. And no relatives."

"Porter died about eight," said Simon, continuing his examination. "That's the only new fact I can add to your collection. Gives Clintall a perfect alibi. Tell me your theories now."

"Same as yours, I fancy. Some client of Porter's with a grudge against him. Either knows that Clintall will be out, or watches him go. Premeditated—because murderer brought his gun with him. He shoots Porter, gets his keys, opens the safe, but doesn't find what he's after. Has reason to believe—though Heaven knows why—that it may be in the upholstery of the furniture, and makes all this mess in his effort to find it. Possibility of a clue there, Mr. Talent. We don't know whether he succeeded. If he didn't, we may find something hidden away in the house which will give us a line to his identity."

"Good point, that. But you're doubtful. Why?"

"The window," explained Maxton. "It was broken from outside—bits of glass are scattered all over the carpet. There are traces of wet gravel, too, obviously brought in on someone's shoes. The rain didn't start until after seven. Seems to me the murderer came in this way, breaking the glass so that he could put a hand through to unfasten the window. Where was Porter?"

"Temporarily out of the room? Upstairs, perhaps?"

"I can't see it," maintained Maxton stubbornly. "Why didn't the murderer ring the doorbell in the ordinary way? Answer—he knew Porter wouldn't admit him. That suggests open enmity. Also that he'd shoot on sight. If Porter *was* out of the room when the murderer entered, I'd expect to find him lying near that door—with the spent bullet somewhere in the wall."

"A bit thin, Max," murmured Simon. "Still, I'll admit that the broken window is a puzzle. And it's queer that Porter should hide things in the upholstery. As you say——" He broke off, as he examined one of the dead man's hands. "Look at this!"

He pointed to a small cut on the back of Porter's right hand, which had been outflung on the carpet. The sharp edge of a splinter of glass was still embedded in the cut.

"Well, what of it? There's a lot of broken glass on the carpet. Porter fell on it when he was shot and——"

"There's been no bleeding. Not a trace! This tiny wound was caused *after* Porter's death—some considerable time after."

"And what does that mean?"

"It means," said Simon slowly, "that Porter didn't die just here—where he was found. Someone moved the body. Perhaps this explains the broken window."

"How?"

"Perhaps the murderer came back. Or perhaps it was someone else. No use ringing the bell—because Porter was dead. Had to break the window to get in."

Maxton's face cleared. "Sure! That's right!" he exclaimed. "The murderer thought he'd found what he was after and cleared out. Then he discovered that he hadn't got what he wanted, so had to come back for it."

"But why move the body, Max? And from where?"

"Gosh! No wonder I didn't like the case!"

"I think I could suggest——" Simon strode across to the settee and attempted to piece together the torn upholstery. Soon it became clear that quite a large piece was missing. "Yes, that settles it. Everything fits in perfectly." A glint of excitement showed in his dark eyes. "And perhaps I can give you proof. Wait a minute." He hurried out into the hall, returning at once with a clothes-brush. "See this—tangled in the bristles? Kapok. It's clinging stuff, and the murderer would be bound to get some of it on to his clothes. It occurred to me that he might brush them before he left. And he did—probably putting the rope round his neck. When you brush your trousers, Max, you deposit quite a lot of material in the turn-ups. If our man didn't think of this—well, you've got him!"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Talent! It's only necessary first to examine the trousers of about four million——"

"Possibly we can narrow it down." Simon smiled mischievously. "Suppose you ring up the Yard and see if anyone has reported the finding of a revolver—or any incident connected with a revolver."

Maxton hesitated a moment, then dashed off to the telephone. When he came back he looked startled.

"Wizardry," he said bleakly. "About nine o'clock one of our plain-clothes men travelled by Underground from Baker Street. The train was full, with several people standing. The swaying threw him against one of his companions and he felt a revolver in this man's pocket. Naturally he investigated. He got off the train with the man and asked if he had a licence for the gun he was carrying. Everything was quite in order. The man produced his permit, issued to Frederick Gilton of Chelmsford Mansions. He'd been in the country this afternoon, he explained, practising on rabbits. Our man checked up the issue of the licence, and his report was filed in the ordinary way."

"Excellent! Now off you go to Chelmsford Mansions and have a look at Frederick Gilton's trousers. He's the murderer."

"But, I say——"

"And you'd better hurry, Max. He might discover that he's carrying evidence of his guilt about with him." Simon yawned. "The case seems to be finished. Give me a ring in the morning."

He hadn't so long to wait. The 'phone rang just as he was getting into bed, and Maxton's voice came over the wire triumphantly.

"You were right, Mr. Talent! Gilton denies everything. Swears he doesn't even know Roger Porter. But he's got quite a lot of kapok in his turn-ups, so I've arrested him and charged him with the murder. Now I've to make my report—and I'm hanged if I know how you worked the miracle!"

Simon chuckled. "It isn't so mysterious as all that. The moving of the body put me on to the scent; and when we found that a piece of upholstery from the settee was missing—well, there was only one explanation."

"Exactly. What was it?"

"Recovery of the bullet, Max—because something had turned up to make that essential. I don't know why Gilton killed Porter; probably you'll find that he owed a lot more money than he could repay. Anyhow, he went to the house with that intention and deliberately carried it out. He took Porter's keys, found the papers relating to himself in the safe and cleared off with them, confident that he could never be connected in any way with the murder.

"But on his way home he had extraordinary bad luck—the meeting with your plain-clothes man. This altered the whole situation. Gilton hadn't worried about the fatal bullet, because he knew it was useless as evidence without the revolver that had fired it. Now he'd been caught with a gun in his pocket on the night a shooting had occurred. Sooner or later someone was likely to ponder the significance of this, and if experiments were made it could easily be proved that his gun had killed Porter. He must recover the bullet.

"So he had to go back, breaking in through the window. The bullet had lodged in the settee, making a characteristic hole in the upholstery. Obviously he mustn't allow anyone to guess that the murderer had been anxious to recover the bullet, or this would point a direct finger of suspicion at him. He cut away the upholstery with its betraying hole, then slashed the rest of the furniture to give the impression of a search. To strengthen this, he played havoc with the bureau and the bookcase. And to account for the fact that the bullet was missing, he moved Porter's body from wherever it was to the open window. He'd drop it quite casually, of course, never noticing that the hand had fallen on a piece of glass. Clear now, Max?"

Maxton grunted. "Perfectly. Really quite simple, isn't it? I'll be able to reckon it out myself next time it happens." [THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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JAEGER are particularly successful in creating dresses for every daytime occasion—they are exercising great care in never permitting any glamorous notes. The one above introduces the peg-top silhouette in its spring form. As will be seen, it has curved pockets, unpressed pleats, a neat neck-line and tight sleeves; it is carried out in wool jersey. Outfits for the younger people have been considered, not overlooking the tiny-tots.

LEISURE HOUR is the name that Jaeger have given to these frocks, carried out in fancy wool jersey. Their fount of inspiration was the peg-top; with the becoming curved pockets they are adaptable, hence they can be arranged in a variety of ways. The neck-line is neat, and sleeves long, which is an immense advantage to the chilly mortal. It seems almost unnecessary to add that they have no rivals to fear in the realm of warm overcoats and mackintoshes whose length of life is wellnigh unending.

MARGARET MARKS has created the "Excelsior" felt hat above, with its sprightly quill, which is adjustable. The crown is so soft that it may be lowered to suit the prospective wearer. A feature is made also of soft drapers round the crown, which afford protection to the neck.

TOO many frocks and wraps are spoilt by the hat, which must be chosen with the utmost care. Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, is responsible for the one above. It is of felt with draped crown, the monotony broken by pads of feather plumage, and is available in several colour schemes.

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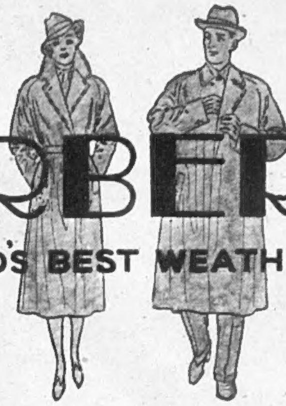

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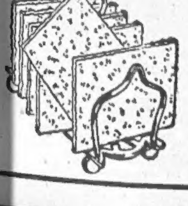

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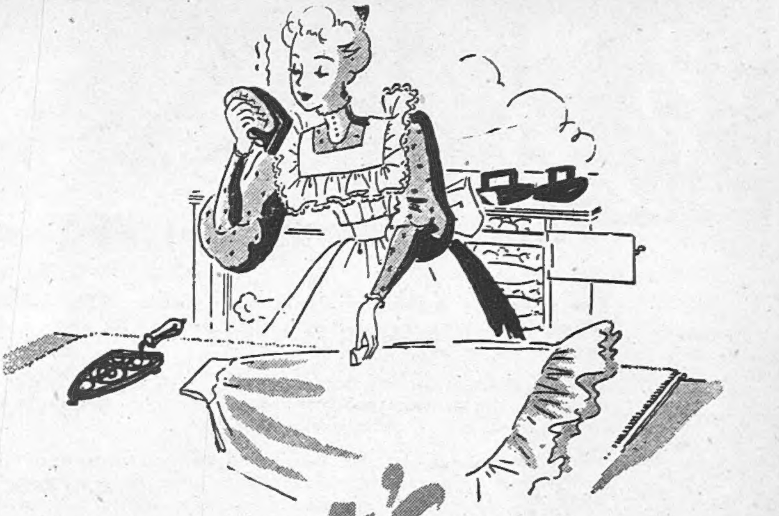

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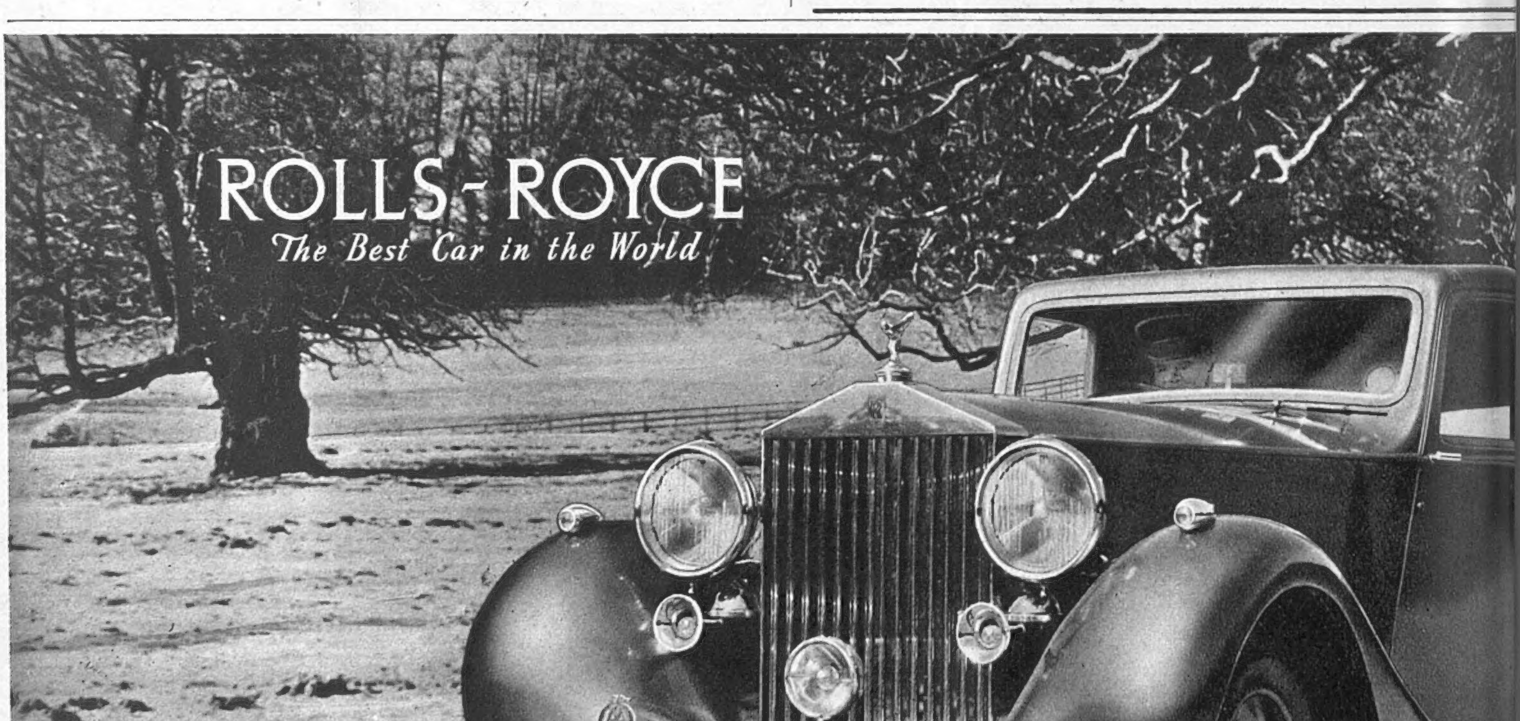

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